

**ACPL ITEM
DISCARDED**

COME CHRISTMAS

US570221

1811

F22c

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Fort Wayne and Allen County, Ind.

EXTRACTS FROM RULES

A fine of two cents a day shall be paid on each volume not returned when book is due. Injuries to books, and losses must be made good. Card holders must promptly notify the Librarian of change of residence under penalty of forfeiture of card.

**EXTRACT FROM
STATE LAW**

Whoever shall wilfully or mischievously, cut, mark, mutilate, write in or upon, or otherwise deface any book, magazine, newspaper, or other property of any library organized under the laws of this state, shall be fined not less than ten dollars nor more than one hundred dollars.

Acme Library Card Pocket

KEEP YOUR CARD IN THIS POCKET

LIBRARY BUREAU CAT. NO. 1165

F22c
US570221

S.H.


HOLIDAY COLLECTION

STOW
HOLIDAY COLLECTION

**ACPL ITEM
DISCARDED**

HOLIDAY COLLECTION





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2022 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

*Come
Christmas*

Other Books
by Eleanor Farjeon

Joan's Door,
Italian Peepshow,
Martin Pippin
in the
Apple Orchard,
and
The Soul of
Kol Nikon

Come Christmas

By ELEANOR FARJEON

Decorated by RACHEL FIELD



5811

722c

NEW YORK
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA



Copyright, 1927, by
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY

All rights reserved

Printed in the United States of America

U. S. 570321

TO DEAR
SUSAN HANDS



Contents

THIS IS THE WEEK WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES

	PAGE
<i>In the Week When Christmas Comes</i>	3
<i>Earth and Sky</i>	4
<i>Six Green Singers</i>	6
<i>Robin to Jenny</i>	8
<i>The Brown Birds</i>	10
<i>A Christmas Lullaby</i>	11
<i>Annar-Mannar's Christmas Shopping</i>	12
<i>Through a Shop Window</i>	14
<i>Holly and Mistletoe</i>	15
<i>The Carol Singers</i>	16
<i>The Mummers</i>	18
<i>A Stocking to Fill</i>	20
<i>Stocking-Time</i>	22
<i>For Them</i>	24
<i>The Christmas-Tree</i>	26
<i>Cradle-song for Christmas</i>	28

I'LL SING YOU A CAROL

<i>The Children's Carol</i>	31
<i>Now Every Child</i>	32
<i>For All</i>	35
<i>The Shepherd and the King</i>	36
<i>A Carol for Christmas Eve</i>	38
<i>Mary's Burden</i>	40
<i>The Ending of the Year</i>	42
<i>Sweet Ass</i>	44
<i>A Manger Song</i>	46
<i>Child's Carol</i>	47
<i>Shall I to the Byre Go Down?</i>	48
<i>Wake Up!</i>	50
<i>Take Heart, Sweet Mary</i>	54

AFTERWARDS

<i>Farewell to the Old Year</i>	60
<i>Welcome to the New Year</i>	61
<i>The Week After</i>	62

*Come
Christmas*



THIS IS THE WEEK WHEN
CHRISTMAS COMES





IN THE WEEK WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES

THIS is the week when Christmas comes.

Let every pudding burst with plums,
And every tree bear dolls and drums,
In the week when Christmas comes.

Let every hall have boughs of green,
With berries glowing in between,
In the week when Christmas comes.

Let every doorstep have a song
Sounding the dark street along,
In the week when Christmas comes.

Let every steeple ring a bell
With a joyful tale to tell,
In the week when Christmas comes.

Let every night put forth a star
To show us where the heavens are,
In the week when Christmas comes.

Let every stable have a lamb
Sleeping warm beside its dam,
In the week when Christmas comes.

This is the week when Christmas comes.

EARTH AND SKY

(They talk to each other on Christmas Eve.)

- Earth.* **O**H Sky, you look so drear!
Sky. Oh Earth, you look so bare!
Earth. How chilly you appear!
Sky. How empty you lie there!
- Sky.* My winds blow icy cold.
Earth. My flowers have gone from me.
Sky. Yet I've one Star of gold.
Earth. And I have one green Tree.
- Sky.* I'll set my Star on high
 Alone in its own light
 For any Child to spy
 Who wakes on Christmas Night.
- Earth.* I'll hang my Tree with toys,
 Like fruit and flowers gay,
 For little girls and boys
 To pick on Christmas Day.

They say together. Then let the soft snow fall,
And let the cold wind blow!
We have in spite of all
A pretty thing to show;

Yes, Christmas Eve and Morn
We'll show our pretty thing
To every baby born
Of Beggar-man or King.

Earth. Oh Sky, you look so clear!
Sky. Oh Earth, you look so fair!
Earth. How bright your Star shines here.
Sky. How green your Tree grows there.





SIX GREEN SINGERS

THE frost of the moon fell over my floor
And six green singers stood at my door.

"What do ye here that music make?"

"Let us come in for Christ's sweet Sake."

"Long have ye journeyed in coming here?"

"Our Pilgrimage was the length of the year."

"Where do ye make for?" I asked of them.

"Our Shrine is a Stable in Bethlehem."

"What will ye do as ye go along?"

"Sing to the world an evergreen song."

"What will ye sing for the listening earth?"

"One will sing of a brave-souled Mirth,

"One of the Holiest Mystery,
The Glory of glories shall one song be,

"One of the Memory of things,
One of the Child's imaginings,

"One of our songs is the fadeless Faith,
And all are the Life more mighty than death."

"Ere ye be gone that music make,
Give me an alms for Christ's sweet Sake."

"Six green branches we leave with you;
See they be scattered your house-place through.

"The staunch blithe Holly your board shall
 grace,
Mistletoe bless your chimney-place.

"Laurel to crown your lighted hall,
Over your bed let the Yew-bough fall,

"Close by the cradle the Christmas Fir,
For elfin dreams in its branches stir,

"Last and loveliest, high and low,
From ceil to floor let the Ivy go."

From each glad guest I received my gift
And then the latch of my door did lift—

"Green singers, God prosper the song ye make
As ye sing to the world for Christ's sweet
 Sake."



ROBIN TO JENNY

THE frost is on the ground, Jenny,
Too hard for bill to crack,
And where shall food be found, Jenny,
That you and I now lack?
Oh, thanks be to the burrowing mole
That still throws up his hill—
His fresh-turned earth's my goal, Jenny,
And that will feed us still.

The ground is like a rock, Jenny,
A rock I cannot break!
Poor Robin can't unlock, Jenny,
Its larder for your sake;
So thanks be to the working-man
That doth his garden till—
We from his furrow can, Jenny,
Get that will feed us still.

The ground is hard as ice, Jenny,
Of every comfort bare,
And where shall I look twice, Jenny,
To get your daily fare?
Now thanks be to the girl or boy
That strews the window-sill—
Come spring we'll sing them joy, Jenny,
Because they fed us still.



THE BROWN BIRDS

SCANT is the holly,
The holly-berries few!
There's a bunch for the rich man
To see his Christmas through,
And a spray or a sprig
For the pretty-well-to-do,—
But what of the brown birds
Whom hunger maketh bold?
What of the poor birds
A-seeking in the cold?
Oh, when the holly's scant
And the holly-berries few,
What will the brown birds,
The poor birds do?





A CHRISTMAS LULLABY

THE sheep upon the mountain,
The ram, the lamb, the ewe,
Are watching with their shepherd—
And must thou needs watch too?

Lullaby!

Why, oh, why

Keep thy big eyes on the sky?
Is it to see a Star on high?
Starry eyes, go lullaby!

The trees along the valley,
The holly, fir, and yew,
Are green with holy secrets—
Hast thou a secret, too?

Lullaby!

Why, oh, why

Wilt thou never close thy eye?
Is it to see a Child go by?
Little child, go lullaby!





ANNAR-MARIAR'S CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

ANNAR-MARIAR-ELIZAR SMITH
Looked in the Baker's window with
Her brother Willyum by the hand.
"Look!" she said, "Willyum! ain't it grand!
See them puddin's done up in basins—
They're all stuffed full of currints and raisins!
We'll 'ave that big 'un there, Willyum, see,
Fer dinner on Chrismuss Day, you an' me.
See them Chrismuss Cakes white and pink,
With holly and bells! Would you like, d'you
think,
The one with the snowballs and funny man?
What, that with the robins? All right, you
can."

Annar-Mariar-Elizar Smith
Stopped at the Greengrocer's, where the pith
Of its beautiful wonders were seen outside.
"Look at the Chrismuss-trees, duck!" she cried.
"Which'll we 'ave sent 'ome? That tall
'Un there'll do beautiful for us all!

And that little tiny'll be jest right
For Baby to see when she wakes at night.
We'll 'ave that bundle of 'olly, oo!
And that mistletoe there!—we'll tell 'em to
Send nuts, and bananers, and tangerines,
And apples, along o' the evergreens."

Annar-Mariar-Elizar Smith
Saw in the Toyshop a world of myth
And fairytale. "Oo!" she chuckled, "see
The dolls, and the crackers, and all! The tree
'Ll look lovely with some of them shiny things,
And the Fairy Queen with the silvery wings,
And the Father Chrismuss, and sparkly chains,
And the teaset fer me, and the box of trains
Fer you, and the farmyard fer Baby, wot?
Sha'n't we serprise 'er with all we've got!"
Then Annar and Willyum home did run
With the whole of their Christmas shopping
done.





THROUGH A SHOP WINDOW

HOW full the glittering shops are now
With chattering tongues and open
purses,

And children scrambling anyhow

Beside their mothers, aunts, and nurses;

With eager eyes and laughing lips,

And problems of a thousand choices,

With loaded trees, and lucky dips,

And Christmas-time in all the voices!

You scarce can push your way along

Behind the window—which discloses

Outside the little ragged throng

With longing eyes and flattened noses.

HOLLY AND MISTLETOE

FETCH in the holly from the tree
We fetched it from of old—
If plentiful the berries be,
The winter will be cold;
The winter will be cold, my lads,
For Providence takes care,
When creatures want and food is scant,
That birds shall eat their share.

Undo the ancient mistletoe
From oak-tree's hollow form—
If it be thick with balls of snow,
The maiden will be warm;
The maiden will be warm, my lads,
For Providence takes care,
When mirth and light reign half the night,
That boys shall kiss their share.



THE CAROL SINGERS

THEY come in ones and twos and threes,
Small ragged girls and boys,
Whose homes will show no Christmas-trees,
Whose stockings hold no toys;
And shuffling on the step at night,
They—sing? Well, to be kind, not quite—
They make a sort of noise.

Not in the hope of myrrh and gold
And frankincense they sing,
As they a hackneyed verse unfold
About a new-born King.
They rate their gabbled effort at
A penny, and it's scarce worth that
When they go carolling.

A try-on? Yes. But as for me
I never can refuse
The rough unpractised minstrelsy
That tells of heavenly news.
A child once in a stable lay—
How can I empty send away
These children from the Mews?





THE MUMMERS

HERE'S greeting for the master,
And for the mistress greeting,
And greeting for each gallant lad
And every pretty sweeting,
And greeting for the little children
Dancing round our meeting.

We be your servants all,
We be merry mummers;
We know jolly winter's face
Though we ne'er saw summer's;
We come in wi' the end o' the year,
For we be Christmas-comers.

This here do be Saint George,
This the heathen Paynim,
Dragon he will drink your healths
When Saint George has slain him;
'This do be a beautiful maid
And a trouble 'twere to train him!

There's our mumming ended
And nothing to distress ye—
Surely, we be little loth
Since so kindly press ye.
Here's God bless ye, master, mistress,
All the house, God bless ye!



A STOCKING TO FILL

HERE'S Christmas come round,
And a stocking to fill!
Oh Baby, sleep sound—
Lie still, Joan, lie still.

But wait! What is wrong
With your stocking, my Joan?
It is surely too long—
How your stocking has grown!

Can this limp thing, I beg,
Hanging lank in my view,
To-day fit the leg
Of the baby I knew?

Do you think—do you think
If I put back the clock
Your stocking would shrink
Once again to a sock?

Ah well! what's the use?
To think stockings won't stretch
Is the thought of a goose!
Come! the presents I'll fetch.

For here's Christmas, and so
There's a stocking to fill,
Though the baby must go,
For she cannot stay still.





STOCKING-TIME

THE Christmas hour I love the best
Is in the dark of early day,
When Someone comes to break my rest
Bearing a stocking stuffed and gay.

And crouched upon my bed, she cries,
"Perhaps *you've* got a stocking, too!"
And I shall find with great surprise
I *have*—and wonder how she knew.

Then she will laugh, and I will smile
And round her tuck the eiderdown,
And we will watch each other while
The treasures which our stockings crown

Are rifled from their bulging legs
With many a happy ah! and oh!
Till both disgorge their golden dregs,
The orange in the stocking-toe.

And everything she greets with glee
Will fill me with amazement keen,
And all the treats prepared for me
She will pretend she's never seen.

Old Daddy Christmas once, to fill
My stocking, would down chimneys climb;
Now Little Daddy Christmas still
Takes care I'm not past Stocking-time.



FOR THEM

BEFORE you bid, for Christmas' sake,
Your guests to sit at meat,
Oh please to save a little cake
For them that have no treat.

Before you go down party-dressed
In silver gown or gold,
Oh please to send a little vest
To them that still go cold.

Before you give your girl and boy
Gay gifts to be undone,
Oh please to spare a little toy
To them that will have none.

Before you gather round the tree
To dance the day about,
Oh please to give a little glee
To them that go without.





THE CHRISTMAS-TREE

I SET a little Christmas-tree
In my workroom just for me,
Hung with many a gleaming thing—
With lines of tinsel shimmering,
And ruby balls and gold were seen,
A trumpet, and two blue-and-green
Glass peacocks, silver nuts as well,
A Father Christmas, and a bell.

Then Twelfth Night came. And I took down
The ivy-trails, the holly-crown,
The bunch of pearly mistletoe—
The time was come for all to go.
But looking at my Christmas-tree
I thought, "It seems a shame to me
To put the pretty thing away
When it will yet last many a day."

And so I took the little pot
Between my hands, and when I got
Outside I went to Perrin's Court
Where little children play and sport.
Tinkling and twinkling on my way
I went, and they all stopped their play
To gaze at my bright Christmas-tree,
And "Oo!" they cried, "Oo! Ooo!" at me.

So I know how a rocket feels
When in the midst of wondering squeals
Upon its glittering way it goes
And stars upon the heavens sows.
But rockets vanish in the air,
While still my little tree somewhere
Bestows its shining joys on two
Small children who are saying "Oo!"



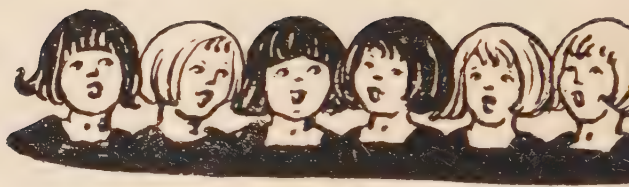


CRADLE-SONG FOR CHRISTMAS

CHILD, when on this night you lie
Softly, undisturbedly,
On as white a bed of down
As any child's in London Town,
By a fire that all the night
Keeps your chamber warm and light:
Dream, if dreams are yet your law,
Your bed of down a bed of straw,
Only warmed and lighted by
One star in the open sky.
Sweet you'll sleep then, for we know
Once a Child slept sweetly so.

I'LL SING
YOU
A
CAROL





THE CHILDREN'S CAROL

HERE we come again, again, and here we
come again!

Christmas is a single pearl swinging on a chain,
Christmas is a single flower in a barren wood,
Christmas is a single sail on the salty flood,
Christmas is a single star in the empty sky,
Christmas is a single song sung for charity.

Here we come again, again, to sing to you
again,
Give a single penny that we may not sing in
vain.



NOW EVERY CHILD

NOW every Child that dwells on earth,
Stand up, stand up and sing!
The passing night has given birth
Unto the Children's King.
Sing sweet as the flute,
Sing clear as the horn,
Sing joy of the Children
Come Christmas the morn!
Little Christ Jesus
Our Brother is born.

Now every Star that dwells in sky,
Look down with shining eyes!
The night has dropped in passing by
A Star from Paradise.
Sing sweet as the flute, .
Sing clear as the horn,
Sing joy of the Stars
Come Christmas the morn!
Little Christ Jesus
Our Brother is born.

Now every Beast that crops in field,
Breathe sweetly and adore!
The night has brought the richest yield
That ever harvest bore.

Sing sweet as the flute,
Sing clear as the horn,
Sing joy of the Creatures
Come Christmas the morn!
Little Christ Jesus
Our Brother is born.

Now every Bird that flies in air,
Sing, raven, lark and dove!
The night has brooded on her lair
And fledged the Bird of Love.

Sing sweet as the flute,
Sing clear as the horn,
Sing joy of the Birds
Come Christmas the morn!
Little Christ Jesus
Our Brother is born.

Now all the Angels of the Lord,
Rise up on Christmas Even!
The passing night will bear the Word
That is the Voice of Heaven.
Sing sweet as the flute,
Sing clear as the horn,
Sing joy of the Angels
Come Christmas the morn!
Little Christ Jesus
Our Brother is born.





FOR ALL

THY cradle was a manger,
 Thy lodging was a stall,
 When Thou wast born into the world
 Once and for all.

Thy steed it was a donkey,
 Thy shelter Mary's shawl,
 When thou began'st thy journeying
 Once and for all.

Thy infancy was cloudless,
 No tear didst thou let fall,
 Till time was come to weep for men
 Once and for all.



THE SHEPHERD AND THE KING

THE Shepherd and the King,
The Angel and the Ass,
They heard Sweet Mary sing
When her joy was come to pass;
They heard Sweet Mary sing
To the Baby on her knee.
Sing again, Sweet Mary,
And we will sing with thee!

Earth, bear a berry!

Heaven, bear a light!

Man, make you merry

On Christmas Night.

The Oxen in the stall,
The Sheep upon the hill,
They are waking all
To hear Sweet Mary still.
The Baby is a Child,
And the Child is running free.
Sing again, Sweet Mary,
And we will sing with thee!

Earth, bear a berry!

Heaven, bear a light!

Man, make you merry

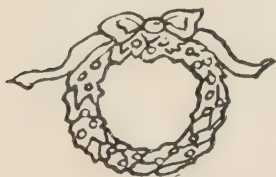
On Christmas Night.

The People in the land,
So many million strong,
All silently do stand
To hear Sweet Mary's song.
The Child He is a man,
And the Man hangs on a tree.
Sing again, Sweet Mary,
And we will sing with thee!

Earth, bear a berry!
Heaven, bear a light!
Man, make you merry
On Christmas Night.

The Stars that are so old,
The Grass that is so young,
They listen in the cold
To hear Sweet Mary's tongue.
The Man's the Son of God,
And in heaven walketh He.
Sing again, Sweet Mary,
And we will sing with thee!

Earth, bear a berry!
Heaven, bear a light!
Man, make you merry
On Christmas Night.



A CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS EVE

WE come to your doorstep
To sing you a song,
Our tune is but simple,
Our voices aren't strong.

We sing of a Baby
As old as he's new—
Now welcome the Baby,
And welcome us too.

The Babe had no cradle
To rock him to rest.
The arms of the Mother
Rock all babies best.

The Babe had no garment
Of silk and of gold.
Her own mantle kept him
Within a blue fold.

The Babe had no mansion
In which he might roam.
He lay on her bosom,
And that was his home.

Each year as the time comes,
We too come along
To stand on your doorstep
And sing you a song.

We sing of a Baby
This night born anew,
For the sake of the Baby
God bless me and you.



MARY'S BURDEN

MY Baby, my Burden,
To-morrow the morn
I shall go lighter
And you will be born.

I shall go lighter,
But heavier too,
For seeing the burden,
That falls upon you.

The burden of love,
The burden of pain,
I'll see you bear both
Among men once again.

To-morrow you'll bear it
Your burden alone,
To-night you've no burden
That is not my own.

My Baby, my Burden,
To-morrow the morn
I shall go lighter
And you will be born.



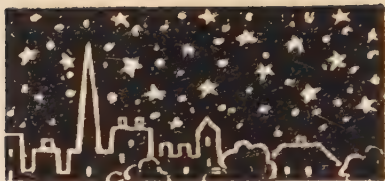


THE ENDING OF THE YEAR

WHEN trees did show no leaves,
And grass no daisies had,
And fields had lost their sheaves,
And streams in ice were clad,
And day of light was shorn,
And wind had got a spear,
Jesus Christ was born
In the ending of the year.

Like green leaves when they grow,
 He shall for comfort be;
Like life in streams shall flow,
 For running water He;
He shall raise hope like corn
 For barren fields to bear,
And therefore He was born
 In the ending of the year.

Like daisies to the grass,
 His innocence he'll bring;
In keenest winds that pass
 His flowering love shall spring;
The rising of the morn
 At midnight shall appear,
Whenever Christ is born
 In the ending of the year.



SWEET ASS

SWEET Ass, go gently, go,
By night and day sang she;
Rock gentle as a cradle
Or a mother's knee,
For thou must bear my Baby
As thou must bear me;
O do not break his slumbers,
Go gently, go, sang she.

Sweet Ass, go steady, go,
She sang by night and day,
Go steady as the coffin
Is borne upon its way,
For thou must bear my Baby
The road he cannot stay,
O do not break his slumbers,
She sang by night and day.

'Twixt earth, she sang, and heav'n,
Go gently, go, sweet Ass,
Much lower than the stars are,
Just higher than the grass,
This journey keep my Baby
From either as we pass,
And do not break his slumbers,
Sweet Ass, she sang, sweet Ass.



A MANGER SONG

WHENCE got ye your soft, soft eyes of
the mother, O soft-eyed cow?

We saw the Mother of mothers bring forth,
and that was how.

We sheltered her that was shelterless for a little
while,

We watched the milking Babe at her breast, and
we saw her smile.

Even as we she lay upon straw, and even as we
Took her sleep in the dark of the manger
unfretfully,

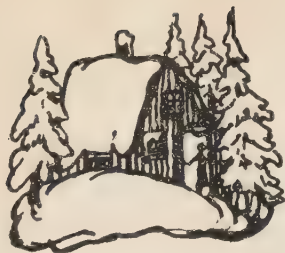
And when the dawn of the strange new Star
discovered her thus,

The ray that was destined for her and for Him
fell also on us;

The light passed into her eyes and ours, and
full in its flood

We were first to behold the first mothering look
of the Mother of God.





CHILD'S CAROL

WHEN there dawns a certain Star
Comes a Stranger into the city;
The feet of prayer his dear feet are,
His hands they are the hands of pity.

Every houseplace rich and poor
Shall show for welcome a sprig of green,
And every heart shall open its door
To let the Stranger enter in.

I will set my door ajar
That he may enter if he please;
The eyes of love his dear eyes are,
His brow it is the brow of peace.

Through the heart of every child
And man and woman in the city
He shall pass, and they be filled
With love and peace and prayer and pity.

SHALL I TO THE BYRE GO DOWN?

SHALL I to the byre go down
Where the stalled oxen are?
Or shall I climb the mountain's crown
To see the rising star?
Or shall I walk the golden floor
Where the King's feast is spread?
Or shall I seek the poor man's door
And ask to break his bread?

It matters not. Go where you will,
Kneel down in cattle stall,
Climb up the cold and starlit hill,
Enter in hut or hall,
To the warm fireside give your cheek,
Or turn it to the snow,
It matters not; the One you seek
You'll find where'er you go.

His sandal-sole is on the earth,
His head is in the sky,
His voice is in the baby's mirth
And in the old man's sigh,
His shadow falls across the sea,
His breath is in the wind,
His tears with all who grieve left He,
His heart with all who sinned.

Whether you share the poor man's mite
Or taste the king's own fare,
He whom you go to seek to-night
Will meet you everywhere;
For He is where the cattle wend,
And where the planets shine—
Lo, He is in your eyes! Oh friend,
Stand still, and look in mine.



WAKE UP!

(Freely adapted from the Old French)

N EIGHBOUR, what was the sound,
 pray,
That did awake me as I lay
And to their doorways brought the people?
Every one heard it like a chime
Pealing for joy within a steeple:
 “Get up, good folk!
Get up, good folk, 'tis waking-time!”

Nay then, young Martin, know you not
That it is this our native spot
Sweet Love has chosen for his dwelling?
In every quarter rumours hum,
Rumours of news beyond all telling:
 “Wake up, good folk!
Wake up, good folk, for Christ is come.”

Neighbour, and is it really true,
True that the babe so small and new
Is lying even now among us?
What can we lay upon his knees
Of whose arrival angels sung us,
 What can we give,
What can we give the child to please?

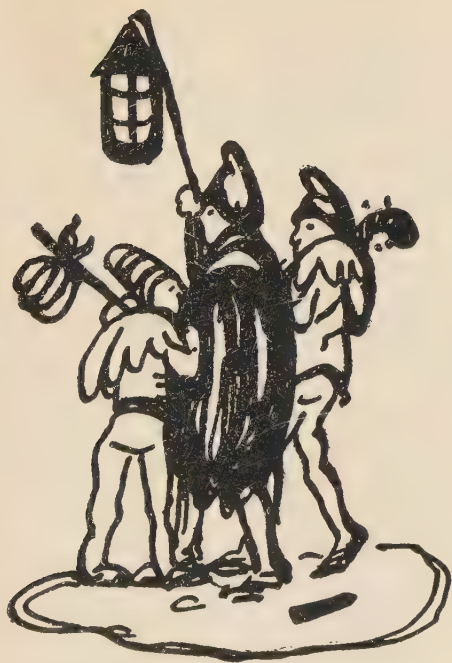
Dickon shall bring a ball of silk,
Peter his son a pot of milk,
Colin a sparrow and a linnet,
Robin a cheese, and Ralph the half
Of a big cake with cherries in it,
 And jolly Jack,
And jolly Jack a little calf.

I think this child will come to be
Some sort of workman such as we,
So he shall have my tools and chattels,
My well-set saw, my plane, my drill,
My hammer that so merry rattles,
 And planks of wood
And planks of wood to work at will.

When we have made our offerings,
Saying to him the little things
Whereof all babies born are witting,
Then we will take our leave and go,
Bidding good night in manner fitting—
 So, so, wee lamb,
So, so, wee lamb, dream sweetly so.

And in a stable though he lies
We in our hearts will soon devise
Such mansions as can never shame him.
There we will house and hold him dear,
And through the world to all proclaim him:
 “Wake up, good folk!
Wake up, good folk, for Christ is here.”







TAKE HEART, SWEET MARY

(Freely adapted from the Old French)

Joseph. **T**AKE heart, the journey's ended,
 I see the twinkling lights
 Where we shall be befriended
 On this the night of nights.

Mary. Now praise the Lord that led us
 So safe unto the town,
 Where men will feed and bed us,
 And I can lay me down.

Joseph. And how then shall we praise him?
 Alas, my heart is sore
 That we no gifts can raise him
 Who are so very poor.

Mary. We have as much as any
 That on the earth do live,
 Although we have no penny
 We have ourselves to give.

Joseph. Look yonder, wife, look yonder!
An hostelry I see
Where travellers that wander
Will very welcome be.

Mary. The house is tall and stately,
The door stands open thus,
Yet, husband, I fear greatly
That Inn is not for us.

Joseph God save you, gentle master!
Your littlest room indeed
With plainest walls of plaster
To-night will serve our need.

Host. For lordings and for ladies
I've lodging and to spare,
For you and yonder maid is
No closet anywhere.

Joseph. Take heart, take heart, sweet Mary,
Another Inn I spy,
Whose Host will not be chary
To let us easy lie.

Mary. Oh aid me, I am ailing,
My strength is nearly gone,
I feel my limbs are failing,
And yet we must go on.

Joseph. God save you, Hostess, kindly!
I pray you, house my wife
Who bears beside me blindly
The burden of her life.

Hostess. My guests are rich men's daughters
And sons, I'd have you know!
Seek out the poorer quarters
Where ragged people go.

Joseph. Good sir, my wife's in labour,
Some corner let us keep.

Host. Not I! Knock up my neighbour,
And as for me, I'll sleep.

Mary. In all the lighted city
Where rich men welcome win,
Will not one house for pity
Take two poor strangers in?

Joseph. Good woman, I implore you
Afford my wife a bed.

Hostess. Nay, nay, I've nothing for you
Except the cattle-shed.

Mary|| Then gladly in the manger
Our bodies we will house,
Since men to-night are stranger
Than asses are and cows.

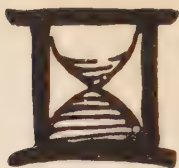
Joseph. Take heart, take heart, sweet Mary,
The cattle are our friends.
Lie down, lie down, sweet Mary,
For here the journey ends.

Mary. Now praise the Lord that found me
This shelter in the town,
Where I with friends around me
May lay my burden down.



AFTERWARDS





FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR

WE saw thee come in, a wee naked babe,
A wee naked babe in the cold:
We see thee go out, a tottering wight,
A tottering wight and old.
But we will remember thee in thy youth,
When thy boyhood was green and bold,
And we will remember thee in thy prime,
When thy manhood was clad in gold.
Though we see thee go out, a tottering wight,
A tottering wight and old,
All to make way for a wee naked babe,
A wee naked babe in the cold.

WELCOME TO THE NEW YEAR

HEY, my lad, ho, my lad!
Here's a New Broom.
Heaven's your housetop
And Earth is your room.

Tuck up your shirtsleeves,
There's plenty to do—
Look at the muddle
That's waiting for you!

Dust in the corners
And dirt on the floor,
Cobwebs still clinging
To window and door.

Hey, my lad! ho, my lad!
Nimble and keen—
Here's your New Broom, my lad!
See you sweep clean.



THE WEEK AFTER

THOU that diest, Thou that never diest,
Thy day of birth has come and gone again,
Heaven has sung Hosanna in the Highest!
And Earth has sung Peace and Goodwill to
Men!

And some have feasted, and still more have
fasted,
But in the week that now has slipped behind
The movement was a warm one while it lasted,
And hearts of men were willing to be kind.

Oh, keep that movement warm, not only now
But in all weeks that still beyond us lie!
Oh, keep that movement constant in us, Thou
That ever diest, and wilt never die.





